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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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SUFIS—THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

"Spiritual Glory"

"Whatever natural glory a man has is so much taken from his spiritual glory. I wish to do nothing for profit, I wish to live for art. I want nothing whatever, I am quite happy." —William Blake

BLAKE'S CREDO is mine. When I follow it, I also am able to say I am happy. When I don't, I am unhappy, in fact downright miserable. It is hard to get through days when this happens—when, harassed by the peevish carpings of my elders and the petty rages and rebellions of my juniors, I am inclined to subscribe to Sartre's definition of hell as "other people."

The solution is obvious. Stand back and detach. Let the old folks pick and yell to their heart's content, let the kiddies blow their tops and slam the doors. Whatever's eating them, it's their problem. This is the practical answer. The only objection to it, as far as I'm concerned, is that detachment is hard to learn and even harder to maintain. And besides, it seems to be the very opposite of life.

Do I mean this? I do. Life is involvement and all the feelings, good and bad, that result. It is wanting something—a nice hot breakfast, a change of season, a trip, a million dollars, undying love, everlasting fame—and either getting it or not getting it. If I get it, fine. If I don't, trouble begins. I am disappointed, hurt, angry, despairing, hopeless, atheistic, suicidal, drunk.

The not getting is invariably the pain (though the getting does not lack its pains). So, if I am wise, what should I do about my wanting? Blake makes it clear: "I want nothing whatever, I am quite happy," the two statements, separated by a mere comma, standing in apposition to each other. It could not be clearer. If I don't want, my getting or not getting ceases to matter.

So I make a decision to give up my wanting. It is not impossible. Indeed, once I begin to pursue the course of wisdom, I find moments of such peace, such close connection with the non-human and sometimes even the human parts of the universe, that I tingle with joy—with what I realize must be "spiritual glory." (I am uncomfortable with such words and use them only when no others will serve.) I feel so good, I am so conscious of having found what I have always been looking for, that I make another decision, namely, to keep this bliss forever.

But today, even though I have taken the precaution of starting it with meditation and prayer, turns out to be entirely different from yesterday. My elders are on the phone again, they dislike this, that, and the other. My juniors have shown up with grainy, sullen eyes. Muttering "good morning," they go into their rooms, shut their doors and hunt-and-peck with upsetting indifference and lack of skill on their typewriters: they, too, dislike everything. My spiritual glory fades. The only thing that will see me through the misery that follows is the knowledge is that, God willing, I will be able to get my spiritual glory back when I decide I want it again. —P.G.

WHEN ANSWERS DON'T COME

by DAVID GUNSTON

MANY PEOPLE begin to despair of prayer when answers don't come. "My prayers are never answered!" is a common cry. The so-called problem of unanswered prayer is one that has long perplexed theologians and writers on religious subjects.

As one becomes more and more steeped and matured in prayer, through long experience and what some might call long disappointment also, it grows clearer that there may after all be no such thing as unanswered prayer. I believe myself that all prayers sincerely offered are always answered. Answered, that is, in some way. The fourfold choice of response of "Yes," "No," "Wait," and "Find a Better Way" may be extended to include such directly personal commands as "Improve Your Life," "Trust More," "Love More," and especially "Do Something Yourself."

There is much in the idea that prayer attuned to God's will for everyone is invariably answered at the moment of asking. The asking and the answering seem to be two parts of the same thing ("Ask and it shall be given ye. . . . Seek and ye shall find. . . . Knock and it shall be opened unto ye. . . .")

Put in its very simplest form is George Meredith's assertion that "Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." This strengthens the assertion that "to ask for God is to receive Him then—the answer comes as the words are uttered."

There is something childish in the idea that if we ask for something in prayer, the answer is the receiving of what we desire. This notion bedevils much contemporary praying. It assumes we know best what is good for us—indeed what will help God's Kingdom. We ought to give thanks that our prayers have not been answered in this selfish, irresponsible sense. "Keep praying," says William Culbertson, "but be thankful God's answers are wiser than your prayers."

The whole burden of answers is one that prevents us from approaching God in the right loving spirit. If we offer praise, adoration, or thanksgiving, no answer is necessary; such acts are made in the belief that they are pleasing to God. If we confess our shortcomings honestly and penitently, the true answer

comes at once: we feel forgiven. If we offer prayers of petition for ourselves or others, the answer is simply to believe we are accepted.

"The answer to prayer that matters most is the general result which prayer is expected and intended to achieve, the purpose for which prayer is used; and this is the expression and deepening of our faith in God, our desire for the coming of His rule in our perplexing world, and our love for Him and His created world of infinitely interesting persons and things." In this sense, the truly effective prayer is prayed by someone who does not bother overmuch about getting what he wants, but who is passionately concerned with God's glory and God's will. "Please do in me, with me, and through me what You want."

Immediacy should not be forgotten. If we pray for someone who is sick, we must pray and feel and believe that he or she is getting better—being healed—at the very moment of our praying. If we pray for peace in the world or some area of it, we must believe that the answer is in the process of being helped on in some minute degree by our prayers. The state of the world must lie in the hands of individuals—and that includes ourselves. If, as a result of our praying, we resolve to conquer one prejudice, to rethink one judgment, to overcome our own greed or aggressiveness, the answer to that particular prayer is beginning to arrive. True answers can arrive only when sufficient people are available to carry them.

"No one believes in answered prayer more than I do," said Glenn Clark, "yet I stand here to announce a crazy paradox—that is, that none of your prayers has ever been answered. Only God's prayers are answered. Only as you and I succeed in making our prayer God's prayer is it answered."

It is comforting at times of stress or decision to remember that God knows what should be done and that He has what we have not—the power to make it happen. The power to make it happen through us if we are willing to trust Him and work with Him. The answer to prayer is in act—our act, guided by Him. If we lay hold on Him and let Him lay hold of us, this is all the answer any prayer needs.

The Dragons

A Short Story by F. SAMUEL BRAINARD

SITTING in meditation, I see before me a beautiful garden guarded by dragons.

These gardens are of a kind linked to the very heart of man. For those on the inside of the garden, they are like friendly dogs—very big but very domestic. But from the outside! The fire of their breath, the lightning of their eyes, their tails like tornadoes—these turned into the very core of me.

I watch myself strive for the garden. And the harder I strive, the more fearsome the dragons.

"Begone! Leave me!" I say. But they follow me, plague my mind, and give me no peace.

I try to run away, and when I turn my back they jump onto me, and it is out of my own mouth that the fire comes, and I am scared and horrified at the effect I have.

I was once a child, and my universe was very small. I did very little damage. As I grew, my universe grew. But still inside I was a child and did little harm. But there came the day that I stepped out of my little-child world to look back on myself from the universe. And then. . .I was no longer a child.

Oh, then it was that as I looked at myself, I was lonely and ashamed and cut off, and I cried. And then. . .then I struck out.

The dragons, the dragons. . . . Somewhere when both the child and the adult are reunited, perhaps the dragons will leave, is that it?

The dragons. . . . Again I look, and now I see that the harder I struggle, the bigger they get.

And now there is only one dragon. And I see myself sitting, quieting myself down and reaching toward the child within me. And I am moving more slowly and breathing more regularly. And I look, and the dragon has become very small.

There are some things that the child in his innocence can charm, and one of them is a certain kind of beast. For, you see, a child does not meaure a spirit as good or bad, and he will not fear that which has not touched him with pain.

The pain of the dragon is of the mind twisted loose from certain ideas.

I look at the child, and the dragon pours fire over him and slashes him with his claws and tail. The child stands there. He has felt nothing. All he sees in the dragon is spirit.

The child asked, "What is your name, strange dragon?"

And the dragon stopped his raving and replied, "My name is Vinegar and Onions. I am the force that would tie the thorn to your pain—the fire to the burn. When you prick your finger, I would have you connect the thorn to the pain. So it is that I am the power that makes life turn around. Because of me, day and night will always chase each other. Because of me, life must move toward death, just as death must move toward life. I am the serpent that spans the eternity of all time.

"But more—and much more as far as you are concerned—I am the power behind your spirit's bondage to your physical life. Not until you step out of your physical body, can you see me. And when you see me, you cannot but be awestruck. I am your life in its earthbound forcefulness. To know me is to know that to run from me is to run from yourself, but to join with me is to die.

"You have only one choice. That is to know me and tame me."

"Some say that the dragon is to be killed. I would say that the dragon killed is the ashes out of which another beast will rise. To just kill a dragon is to postpone your destiny. Heroes don't become gods for this—they have not yet ended their cycle of birth and death. They must return again to fight the dragon."

The child thought for a minute:

"It is out of the dragon's mouth that these words come. Yet, there is truth to it."

The child opened his palm to the heavens, and a magic sword was placed in it. On one side of the handle was written "Peace and Love" and on the other, "Renunciation."

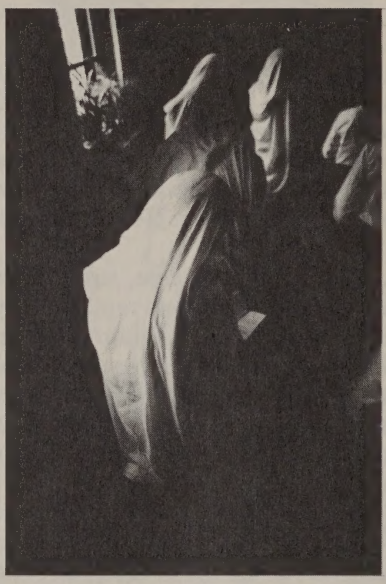
The dragon grew fearful. Flames billowed all around. But the magic sword did its work. In his own alchemical fire, the dragon consumed himself.

The child waited. He knew the dragon had not lied, at least not completely. To leave now would be to undo all that had been done.

Then it came, phoenix-like, out of the ashes—a beast for sure, but much nicer to look at and no longer of independent will. What appeared was the power of the universe tamed to serve its new master.

The child mounted the dragon. "On to the Garden!" he cried.

In the end, even the dragon must be left behind as one enters into the sanctuary of the Sacred Garden.



SUFISM

by K.M.P.MOHAMED CASSIM

SUFISM insists on understanding the fact that man suffers because of his false identification with an illusory separate self. His attachment to this fictitious entity, the 'me', is a result of distorted, dualistic partial perceptions and conditioned responses due to past psychological memories and experiences. Although to keep the mind quiet is one of the most difficult things to achieve, it is very necessary that one should cultivate the habit of maintaining the mind in a state of perfect peace. When the total mind becomes 'silence', then only one could develop the utter detachment which brings freedom from all the worries and sufferings connected with worldly events. Needless to say that the cessation of mental activity does not result in withdrawing from the active world and does not result in benumbing any one of one's capacities. The fulfillment of life at all levels is the aim of Sufism.

MYSTICS OF ISLAM

by T.L. VASWANI

I COME from a land which some critics have called the "desert" of Sind. But in the "desert" I found fakirs and dervishes who perceived the Divine in every manifestation and who, in their culture and spiritual aspirations, reminded me again and again of the rishis and sages of Beloved Bharata. The fakirs and dervishes in Sind and in other places in India, and in Asian lands beyond India, have borne witness to the Infinite, the Life Divine.

Many of the mystics of Islam have been called "Sufis." In the villages of Sind I heard, from the lips of wandering bards, the songs which reminded me again and again of the rich wisdom of the Gita and the Upanishads and often moved me to tears. Here is one Sufi song which I have sung and meditated upon in silence:

We have crossed the mounts:
And we have wrestled with heavy doubts:
We have seen the Golden Face of Truth:
And in the depths of sorrow
We have drunk of the Fountain
of Light and Joy!

In the Sufi songs and in the sayings of the great poets and sages of Sind and Arabia, of Egypt and Iran, there is the music of a primitive child-heart. In the Sufi songs, poetry chants a child-song—a song of the vision of wisdom and beauty—a song of the Light which shone in Krishna and Buddha, in Christ and Chaitanya, in Nanak and Kabir, centuries ago.

One of the world's great mystics was Bayazid. He was a Persian born in a village called Bistam and, therefore, named "Bistami." He was a lover of silence and solitude. One aspiration consumed him—to attain to a direct experience of the Divine Reality. I have, in my meditations, dwelt on his thought again and again: "I went from God to God, until they cried from 'me' in me, saying, 'O thou I!' and I reached the station of annihilation in God." He often prayed: "O God! so fill me with Thy Oneness that when Thy creatures behold me, they may say, 'We have seen Thee, Lord!' "

Bayazid Bistami says: "I studied under a mystic, Abu Ali of Sind." From this Sindhi, he learned that *1)* God is One, *2)* this One—the World-ruler—is the Beloved of the Heart, and *3)* to behold Him in the Heart, you must annihilate yourself, you must be alive with God. The "ego" must vanish: the heart must become one with the Divine. When the "personal self" passes away, you enter into the Eternal Life of God.

When asked, "Where is thy native land?" he answered: "Under the throne of God." Yes, O man, thou art a pilgrim, a stranger here. How true it is that our hearts are restless until they realize that their true native land is God, the Only one. Bayazid taught, too, the truth that I seek Him because He first

seeks me, and I love Him because He first loved me. "He hath sought me before I seek Him." This thought is, to my mind, the most inspiring of all the thoughts of this great Sufi seer and saint. God loveth and seeketh His own before they love or seek Him.

This Sufi fakir taught that the way to tread is the way of purification and renunciation. To know Him, learn first to renounce thyself. One mark of him who would walk the way of spiritual life is humility. "What shall I bring Thee, Lord?" asked Bayazid, and the Voice answered him: "Bring to the Lord humility and tears of longing and love." Was not this great teaching taught, in our day, by India's great saint and seer, Ramakrishna Paramahansa?

"Ask what thou will!" said the Voice to Bayazid. And the Sufi saint said: "I desire Thee and Thee only." Then the Voice spoke again: "Lose thyself and thou wilt find Me!" Yes—lose yourself in God. And what is the mark of him who loveth God? Bayazid answered: "The beauty of humility and love, of service and sacrifice."

"Where is God?" asked a disciple. And Bayazid answered: "Far and wide I wandered in Arab countries and other lands. Alas! I found Him not in any of the countries. I looked for Him in the mosque and temple: I found that both, alas! were empty. Both were built of beautiful, shining stones: alas! God was not there. I found Him in the temple of the heart, and I found Him in the temple of loving service."

The modern world is smitten with hatreds between creeds and classes and nations. What a relief to come in contact with some who, like the Sufi mystics, aspire to the life of service and love. One such man—Meister Eckhart—prayed, "O Lord God, we beseech Thee to help us escape from the life which is divided to the life which is united!"

These mystics—the Sufis and rishis of humanity—have discovered a new world where East and West unite. "God is love. And he who abides in God abides in God and God abides in him." "All beside love is but words," said the Muslim Abbas Effendi.

"Tell us in a few simple words what love is," asked some disciples of Bayazid. And he gently answered, "This is love—that ye account yourselves very little and God very great." Yet another Muslim Sufi said, "The highest aim of life should be to live with Socrates, devoted to eternal life, and with Christ, devoted to the law of love."

Most of these mystics of Islam did not know of the wisdom of the rishis of India. In that wisdom was the insight of Socrates and the inspiration of Christ. "You who love Bharata," said one to me whose mind is rational but whose heart is filled with love, "you love the rishis—can you truthfully say that you see them in the cross-currents of India's life today?" I do not see them in the sordid life of our cities. It is changing fast under the impact of the West, but the hidden faith of India is still sweet and fragrant in the lives of some who are yet untouched by alien influence.

I believe that the Bharata of the rishis—the wise men of the East—is still alive. I believe that on the holy mounts and hills of this ancient land will shine forth the light which alike the rishis and the Sufis saw in the heart within, and in

the simple, humble folk who were happy with their simple things.

The picture, at once of the Sufi sage and the Hindu rishis, I see in the little poem of the humble Maharashtra saint who sang:

That man is true who loveth in his heart
The afflicted and the poor.
In him—the true man and pure—
Dwelleth Krishna Himself.
Verily, the heart of such a man—
True, sincere, in sympathy rich—
Is filled with compassion, gentleness, and love:
And he doth serve the forsaken as his own.

A Mystic of Christianity

A PURE HEART is better than knowledge or love, and how do I know this? Let us see. Of loving people, numbers have fallen. Of clever people, numbers have fallen. No pure heart ever fell. "Using love," says one of the saints, "I find God unseizable. Using intellect, I find him unfathomable. But in the freedom of my pure abstract nature I find God mine in proportion to my detachment."

We read of a wise man going to a God-lover and asking him how he fared. He said he was always working: "The more I know, the more I find I do not know. The deeper I go, the less I understand." He went on again and found a man pure in heart. Him also he asked how he fared. Quoth he, "The only thing I can say is that in God I have got all I want." And by the same token the wise man exclaims, 'I will be still and let God work in me. I will be silent and hear what God says in me. I shall take refuge in detachment, so shall I find God more intimate with me."

—MEISTER ECKHART

(Contributed by Nixeon C. Handy)

A Memoir of William Hung

by TIM WIXTED

WHILE I was a graduate student in Cambridge in the early 1970's, it came to the attention of Professor Cleaves that I was working on the thirteenth-century poet-critic Yuan Hao-wen—an author Dr Hung had long admired and one he felt had not received the attention he deserved. Professor Cleaves, aware of Dr Hung's then-recent loss of his wife, felt it would be good to have me meet with this great scholar so as to try to get his mind off his loss and to focus his unparalleled talents on a subject dear to his heart.

Dr Hung and I met weekly. Our sessions over the kitchen table in his house on Gray Street became a ritual: first, there would be some short general conversation, then over tea and *pao-tzu,* we would have an intensive one- or two- and sometimes even three-hour session going over material I had left with him at the previous session. He would lead me off on all kinds of sinological byways, the cumulative effect of which forms the lion's share of whatever education I have in the field. We would unwind with low-key discussions about current politics, mutual Cambridge friends, a TV program or newspaper article one of us had seen. We would then often traipse off together to Chinatown. We became a familiar pair at one or two of the shops where Dr Hung was a respected customer, even if no one knew quite to make of him (or us), and even though generally in Chinatown he was treated with surprising indifference by most of the shopkeepers. He always bought me a package of *pao-tzu* to take home.

In introducing us, Professor Cleaves may have wanted to get his friend's mind onto other matters. Little did he know what peace and consolation he had brought me. It is hard to communicate how quieting and soothing the atmosphere was with Dr Hung in his kitchen. The feeling was that we could get on there with affairs that really mattered, while our private cares receded. An interesting process developed: at first, this kind but tough-willed man in his eighties transmitted youth and energy and vitality to someone fifty years his junior; and then, as the months passed, an oscillation of energy evolved between two people who in different ways charged each other's psyche.

Although I had but limited experience in this regard, I found Dr Hung exceptional among Chinese men of learning. Unlike many lesser scholars, and in spite of his having quite definite views on many matters and exceptional self-confidence in a wide range of scholarly areas, he was surprisingly willing to consider alternative views, differing interpretations, and other perspectives on a subject. He would mull over such suggestons for minutes at a time in silence, eyes closed, and mental computers racing, like Nero Wolfe. Then came full and open discussion. The measure of his greatness as a scholar was his willingness to give full consideration to such other possibilities, to talk out their

pros and cons, and finally to modify his own view if necessary. He was a living embodiment of what scholarship is all about.

Dr Hung had many endearing personal qualities. One was epitomized by the many junkets he enjoyed taking to Pepperell, Mass., with friends and relatives to picnic at the Crawford family grave in the beautiful New England cemetery there—which, as he would matter-of-factly point out, was to be his own gravesite. Over the years, we made trips in spring, summer, and fall, and he would always stop along the way to buy a potted plant to leave behind. Once there, the blankets having been spread next to a tombstone, and after a delicious picnic lunch, we would get him to talk about a wide range of matters. One disquisition I remember, around the time of Mao Tse-tung's death, concerned how certain he was that Chou En-lai's place in history would far eclipse that of Chairman Mao. A perennial theme at these gatherings was the generosity of the Crawford family, the kindness of their daughters (his American sisters), and the story of how this God-fearing and -loving family had "discovered" a precocious boy in Fukien early in the twentieth century. The last trip to Pepperell, of course, was last winter—on a cold clear bright day in December, with snow on the ground—which seemed a fitting metaphor for the steadfastness and illumination Dr Hung always bore.

At the graveside service last December, a prayer was read that had been specially written for Dr Hung by a friend of his in Fellowship in Prayer. A string of properly complimentary descriptive words about our deceased friend was read, and in their midst was one that struck me—the word "saintly." Doubtless this was an appropriate epithet (who am I to judge?), but I loved the man because of, or at least in spite of, his minor weaknesses.

Dr Hung did confess to me once that he had been pretty fierce in his younger days as an examiner and critic. And I suspect it was partly to make amends for this that over the years I knew him (and probably for decades earlier) he strove to give others their due.

One subject about which I found him a bit exasperating had to do with health. He knew far more about vitamins, disease, and body chemistry than any layman should. He could—and, in fact, once did—talk for two hours straight at a dinner party about yogurt: its history, culturation, chemistry, and so on and on. And if the truth be known, Dr Hung was usually in sinfully good spirits when visiting other people in the hospital. He was quite chipper, I remember, when we dropped in the hospital room of my father-in-law, a man a good twenty years younger than himself, who had just had a coronary by-pass. On one visit to Mount Auburn Hospital to see a member of the Harvard community who had just had an operation on his prostate, Dr Hung gave the poor soul a cheery ten-minute talk about how he had foreseen such a problem years ahead himself and had successfully taken zinc tablets as a preventative. To be fair to my dear old professor, however, I should add that even his bright mood was dampened when he went to the V.A. Hospital to see one of his long-term boarders who was dying of cancer.

There are so many stories one could tell. One time Dr Hung saw an ad for clothes on sale at a warehouse near Chinatown. We decided to go on over after

one of our shopping expeditions. He picked out a fancy sportcoat for fifteen dollars, I got a ten-dollar polyester special. We strutted around for a while, obviously nattily dressed, admiring our good taste and sharp business sense.

Those who did not know Dr Hung well would usually outdo themselves trying to open doors for him, lead him by the hand, and the like. It took me some time myself to realize that he stayed healthy largely because he did so many such things for himself. His determination was awesome.

As with many if not most of us, there was a bittersweet quality to Dr Hung's life: the heady draughts of activity in the 20's and 30's as a fund-raiser, speechgiver, and dean; the pain of humiliation in World War II; the special gratification that comes to an outstanding and loving teacher; the crushing loss of two daughters, and the joys and consolations of scholarship. It is a saga—the story of this young man from Fukien, borne across the sea, like a latter-day clipper ship.

What is some future historian to make of this generation of old-school Chinese, traditionally and Western-trained, who understood themselves and the culture from which they came too well to want to spend the rest of their lives there? Surely, they are not to be dismissed as Westernized Chinese intellectuals who became disaffected and/or deracinated. True, Dr Hung was unique. But, like many others of his generation, he was a dedicated teacher and pursuer of knowledge—one who had the courage of his convictions and was not afraid to speak the truth according to his own best lights. What distinguishes him, however, is that he was indifferent to differences in creed and nationality. He had a mind of his own and was more open and flexible in its use than most men a third his age. Truth was too important to him to be concerned with accidentals. We can all learn from this warm and giving man.

•

IT is now, however, perfectly clear that neither the future nor the past are in existence, and that it is incorrect to say that there are three times—past, present, and future. Though one might perhaps say: "There are three times—a present of things past, a present of things present, and a present of things future." For these three do exist in the mind, and I do not see them anywhere else: the present time of things past is memory; the present time of things present is sight; the present time of things future is expectation.

—St Augustine, The Confessions

THE RICE PAPER

is Japanese but the print
was in primary colors
slashes of red and blue
a bulldozer
or self-portrait. You can see
the ambitious painter facing
the paper frightened of his lover
or his lover's delicate gift.
How quickly he smeared it with acrylic.

I washed the print
in the recommended solution
and watched the colors slide
clouds of blood and purple,
the paper becoming almost cloth
clean as a handkerchief
laundered in a denim pocket.

I spread it out as I was told
teased flatness with my finger
in the places where the fiber
had first been pressed.
It dried translucent as a shell
the kind ridged with moons
like an old woman's toenail.

It dried ready for quiet,
the impression of pliant ricestalks
lifting in the sun
when the trampling buffalo
have gone.

—LIZ SOCOLOW

They suffer, too. . .

Pray For The Next-of-Kin

PRAYER changes things, we know. Just how it changes things is more of a question. It may not effect exactly the result we are intending when we do the praying. Son may not get the job. Spouse may go off on another bender in spite of all our prayers. The child may die.

We cannot manipulate life by prayer as if we were God. This is indeed one of the ways we know that God is God. Prayer is not magic, or passing miracles. Nevertheless, prayer changes things. At the very least, it changes the way we respond to the situation we pray about. It may change our understanding of the actions of the chief participants in the drama that is the theme of our prayer. It may help us see new possibilities in old facts. It may goad us to get off our knees and do something.

While we are praying, let's not forget to pray for the "next-of-kin." The "next-of-kin" are not necessarily the closest blood relatives of the person who is ill or in despair. An elderly aunt may be "next-of-kin" to a young couple struggling through a hard spot in their marriage. A friend may be "next-of-kin" to a woman who is dying of cancer. Whosoever may be "next-of-kin," though, that person needs our prayers.

Let me illustrate what I mean. A certain man had a stroke five years ago, and has not spoken since. He has made some progress; indeed he can now feed himself and enjoys being taken for drives in the car. He suffers—and sometimes the suffering is visible in his face. I pray for him; groups I belong to pray for him.

Often, though, we forget to pray for his wife and we hardly ever pray for his children. The son and daughter-in-law live in another city, and the father's endless illness is not constantly before their eyes. It drags them down, though,

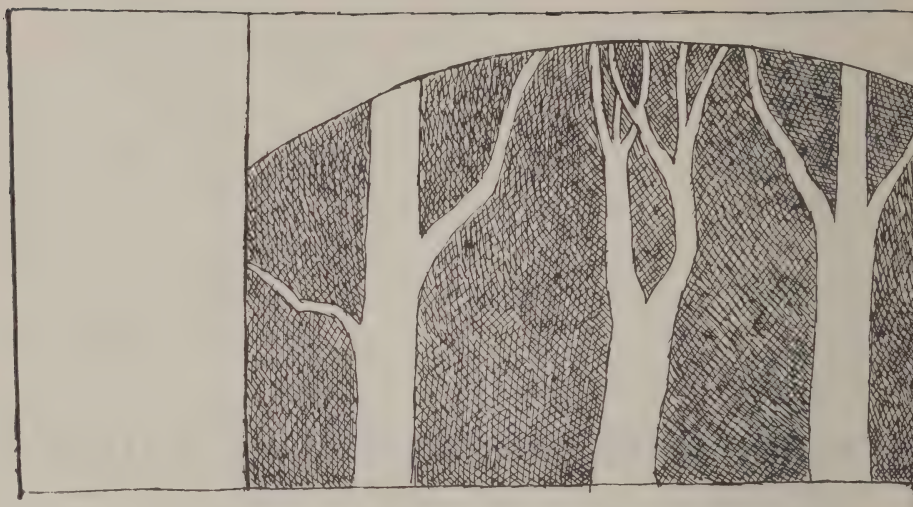
by JANET HARBISON PENFIELD

in ways they scarcely recognize. If I remember to pray for them, maybe I'll also remember to write them or phone them with news of their father's condition and their mother's fatigue. Maybe, reminded, they will arrange for their mother to go off for a while—with consequent improvement of family relations all around. What a relief it is when "next-of-kin" who have been feeling hopeless and helpless discover some simple practical way to help.

Or consider the woman I know who last month walked out on her husband and four small boys. Of course, I pray for the abandoned spouse, gamely coping with dozens of pairs of socks and countless TV dinners. I pray for the children. How heartless can a mother be? But I should also pray for her with special compassion. She must have been hard-pressed indeed to have taken such a desperate step. Now she is probably awash in guilt, cut off from her family, "wrong" in the eyes of her friends. Of all the members of this family, maybe she needs my prayers the most.

A young woman is dying. She is in excruciating pain, pain so intense she often weeps in spite of all efforts to control herself. We pray for her, even though we hardly know what to ask for in praying. Her husband, when he comes into the sickroom, is brusque and hasty. He gets her what she needs and leaves quickly. "He never even said hello to me," she murmurs. I feel like confronting him with his thoughtless behaviour. But then I know I must pray for him. His behaviour isn't thoughtless; he is simply suffering more than he can show.

The next-of-kin have to be strong even when they are weak. Their love and their presence are tested day and night, month after month. They are suffering, too. They need our help. They need our prayers. Pray for the next-of-kin.



The Swing of Things

by HETTIE McGEE BARKER

THERE is something soothing about the motion of a swing. Perhaps it all goes back to when we were babies, rocked in our mother's secure arms. I find when I'm seeking quiet meditation, my feet tend to wander toward the porch swing. As I move back and forth, I ponder my doubts, fears, and blessings.

As a child, I remember my parents pulling me up between them on the porch swing and planning my future. They asked me if I wanted to learn to play the piano. We planned visits to relatives, picnics, and once a year they asked my favorite question, "What do you want for your birthday?" A warm feeling steals over me as I recall being cradled in their arms of love on the family swing.

The many small country towns dotting the east coast's rolling hills are really in the swing of things. We have yet to ride through one small town in Maryland without spotting a swing. Mostly they can be seen on wide, wooden porches embracing white frame homes. Sometimes, you can find them on side porches or hung from metal pipe frames. If you are a swinger, you know the quiet restful mood that can take you away from it all for a spell.

My husband and I are both retired. In the evenings we sit in the swing and talk about the past—jobs, people we've known, children and grandchildren, and our next sightseeing trip.

At times, the swing is motionless while we each sit in our private world

and think. Then one of us will say jokingly, "We're not swinging!" Laughing, we'll then give a shove with our feet, and once more the breeze fans our faces.

As we swing, we enjoy the wonders of nature. A bright red cardinal dips in the birdbath. Rabbits venture out of their holes and hop cautiously around our fenced garden. The only sounds are the chirping birds and rustling leaves stirred by the evening air.

Much like the swing, God sooths our restless souls as we pray. Whether we ask him for guidance, cry out for help, or thank him for another day, He is always near.

A 747 drones overhead interrupting the sounds of nature. We look up and watch it streak across the sky, its lights blinking. Someone, somewhere, is tracking that huge jet, keeping it on course. God's love follows us wherever we are—in a plane, in a swing, in the country or city, because we are his creatures.

Dusk slowly and quietly settles around us. Lightning bugs dart to and fro as if playing dodgeball. Mosquitoes buzz overhead, nagging us to go indoors.

Tomorrow will be another day. We'll pick up our yard and household chores, and visit neighbors as usual. But come evening, we'll once more find ourselves in the swing, dreaming of the past, enjoying the present, planning the future, and feeling the closeness of God and His love.

SUMMER

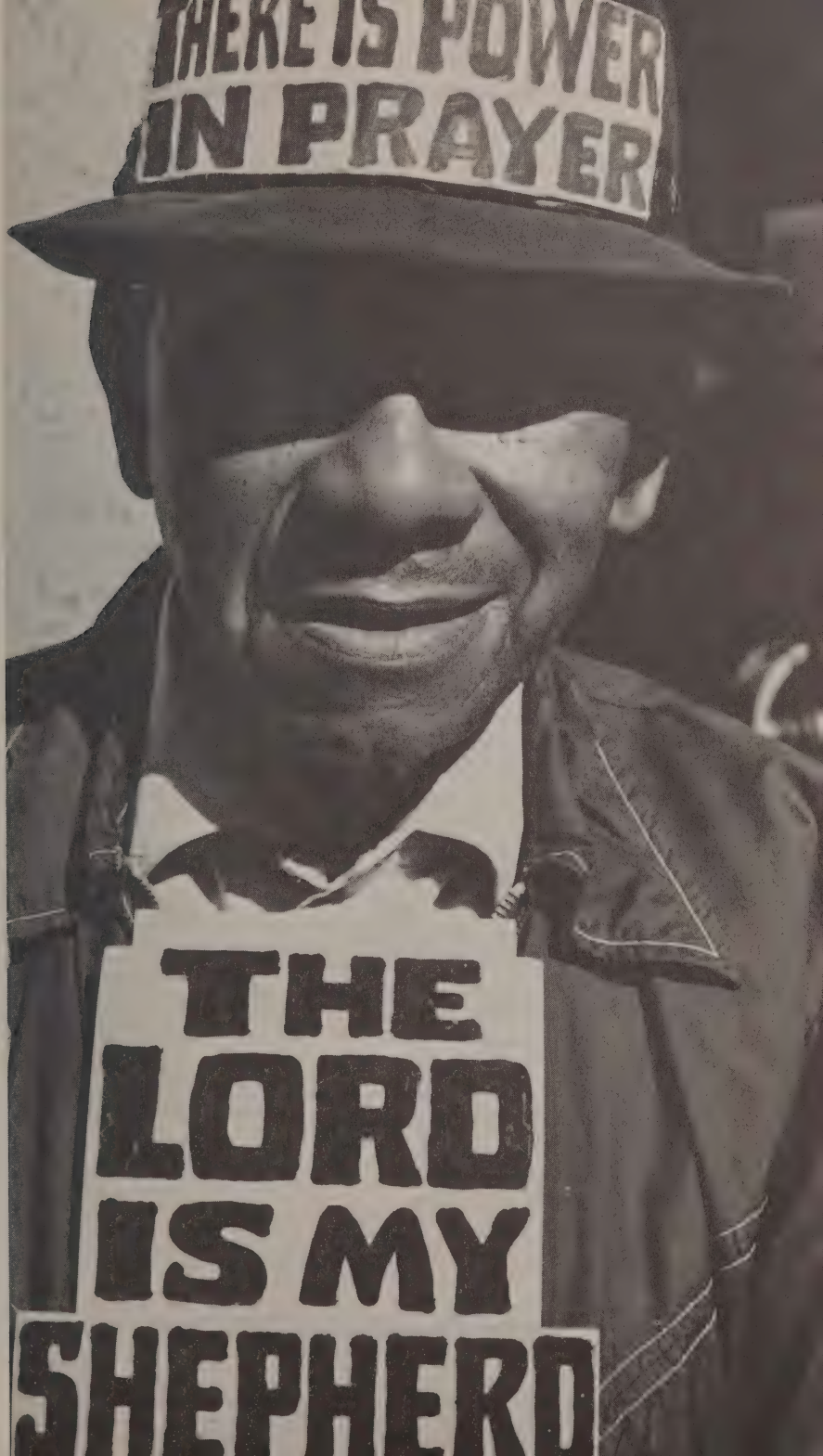
A portfolio of photographs

by TOM DUNHAM

by CARL G. KARSCH

by CLIFF MOORE

by KEN BAZYN →


THERE IS POWER
IN PRAYER
THE
LORD
IS MY
SHEPHERD

Dying with the Wrong Name

Part 1 of an unfinished poem

by SAM HAMOD

(Dedicated to all the immigrants who lost their names at Ellis Island)

These men died with the wrong names,
Na'aim Jazeeny, from the beautiful valley
of Jezzine, died as Nephew Sam,
Sine Hussin died without relatives and
because they cut away his last name
at Ellis Island, there was no way to trace
him back even to Lebanon, and Im'a Brahim
had no other name than mother of Brahim,
even my own father lost his, went from
Hussein Hamode Subh' to Sam Hamod.
There is something lost in the blood,
something lost down to the bone
in these small changes. A man in a
dark blue suit at Ellis Island says, with
tiredness and authority, "You only need two
names in America" and suddenly—as cleanly
as the air, you've lost
your name. At first, it's hardly
even noticeable—and it's easier, you move
about as an American—but looking back
the loss of your name
cuts away some other part,
something unspeakable is lost

And you know, these were not small
men, each was severe, though part
comic, as we will be remembered as well—but
Nephew Sam ran a cigar store in Michigan City, and
in the back room a poker game with chips and
bills often past 30,000; in his middle years,
Sine Hussin lifted the rear end of a 1939 Ford
so they could change a tire, and my father went
from Lebanon to the packinghouses in Sioux Falls
and Sioux City to the steel mills in Gary, from
nothing to houses and apartments worth more than
a million—in each sweaty day in Sioux City, down
to the boarding houses and small stores, in each drop
of movement at 5:30 and 5 a.m. cooking food for gandy
dancers and millworkers to nights working in the tavern
selling scotch while B.B. King and T. Bone Walker hustled
blues, each dollar another day mixing names and money.
And these were men who opened the world
with a gesture of the hand,
a nod and things moved, houses were built
for each new immigrant, apartment buildings bought
and sold—given as wedding presents
mayors and congressmen were made and broken—these men
live now on the edge of myth—each one under
a stone carved in English, the Arabic of Hussein Hamode Subh',
Na'aim Jazeeny, Sine Hussin
lost
each one sealed away
with the wrong name
except in this poem, and a poem
goes out to so few
but we trust as we can

ZUSYA of HANIPOL

by MARTIN BUBER

Excerpted by Herrymon Maurer

ZUSYA used to say: "My mother Mirl, peace be with her, did not pray from the book, because she could not read. All she knew was how to say the blessings. But wherever she said the blessing in the morning, in that place the radiance of the Divine Presence rested the livelong day."

IN his youth Zusya joined the congregation of Baer of Mezritch, the Great Maggid. But he did not stay with the other disciples. He roamed through the woods, lay down in hidden places, and sang his praises to God, until the people quoted Solomon's words when they spoke to him: "With her love be thou ravished always." One of the other disciples said, "All of the pupils of the Great Maggid transmitted the teachings in his name—all except Zusya. And the reason for this was that Zusya hardly ever heard the teacher's sermon out to the end. For at the very start, when the Maggid recited the verses from the Scriptures which he was going to expound, and began with the words of the Scriptures, 'And God said,' or 'and God spoke,' Zusya was overcome with awe, and called out and gesticulated so wildly that he had to be taken out. And then he stood in the hall or in the woodshed, beat his hands against the walls, and cried aloud: 'And God said!' He did not quiet down until the Maggid had finished expounding the Scriptures. That is why he was not familiar with the sermons of the Maggid. But the truth, I tell you—I tell you, the truth is this: If a man speaks in the spirit of truth and listens in the spirit of truth, one word is enough, for with one word can the world be uplifted, and with one word can the world be redeemed."

TWO men visited the Great Maggid and asked him about the following: "Our sages said certain words which leave us no peace because we do not understand them. They are that men should praise and thank God for suffering just as much as for well-being, and receive it with the same joy. Will you tell us how we are to understand this?"

The Maggid replied, "Go to the House of Study. There you will find Zusya smoking his pipe. He will give you the explanation." Zusya was already widely known as God's fool. Physically weak, for a long time desperately poor, exhausted from much journeying in the course of itinerant preachings, not infrequently beaten by soldiers and scoundrels, and even nagged by his wife, who was known as a shrew, Zusya also took on himself the sufferings of others. From the day he was born, his life had been a web of need and anguish. When questioned, Zusya laughed. "You certainly have not come to the right man! Better go to someone else rather than me, for I have never experienced suffering."

Then the men knew what the words meant: to accept suffering with love.

IN the course of their long wanderings, Rabbi Zusya and his brother, Rabbi Elimelekh, often came to the city of Ludmir. There they always slept in the house of a poor, devout man. Years later, when their reputation had spread all over the country, they came to Ludmir again, not on foot as before, but in a carriage. The wealthiest man in that little town, who had never wanted to have anything to do with them, came to meet them the moment he heard they had arrived, and begged them to lodge in his house. But they said, "Nothing has changed in us to make you respect us more than before. What is new is just the horses and the carriage. Take them for your guests, but let us stop with our old host as usual."

ONCE when young Zusya was in the house of his teacher, the Great Maggid, a man came before the Maggid and begged him to advise and assist him in an enterprise. Zusya saw that this man was full of sin and untouched by any breath of repentance, and he grew angry and spoke to the man harshly, saying, "How can a man like yourself, a man who has committed this crime and that, have the boldness to stand before a holy countenance without shame and without the longing to atone?" The man left in silence, but Zusya regretted what he had said and did not know what to do. Then his teacher pronounced a blessing over him so that, from that moment on, he might see only the good in people, even if a person sinned before his very eyes.

But because Zusya's gift of vision could not be taken from him, it came to pass that from that time on he felt the sins of the people he met as his own.

ONCE Zusya came to an inn, and on the face of the innkeeper he saw long years of sin. For a while he neither spoke nor moved. But when he was alone in the room which had been assigned to him, the shudder of vicarious experience overcame him in the midst of singing psalms, and he cried out, "Zusya, Zusya, you wicked man! There is no lie that failed to tempt you, and no crime you have

not committed. Zusya, fooling, erring man, what will be the end of this?" And he spoke of specific sins as his own sins, and sobbed. The innkeeper stood at the door and heard him. First he was seized with dull dismay, but then penitence and grace were lit within him, and he woke to God and turned to Him.

ON one of the days of heart-searching, the days between New Year and the Day of Atonement, Zusya sat in his chair, and his hasidim stood around him from morning until evening. He had lifted his eyes and heart to Heaven, and loosed himself from bodily bonds. While looking at him, one of his hasidim was overcome with the desire to turn to God, and the tears streamed over his face. And just as a burning coal kindles those beside it, so man by man was lit with the flame of turning. The zaddik looked around and fixed them with his gaze. Then he lifted his eyes and prayed.

RABBI Zusya and his brother, Rabbi Elimelekh, were once discussing the subject of humility. Elimelekh said, "If a man contemplates the greatness of the Creator, he will arrive at true humility."

But Zusya said, "No! A man must begin by being truly humble. Only then will he recognize the greatness of his Creator."

They asked their teacher, the Maggid, who was right. He decided it in this way: "These and those are the words of the living God. But the inner grace is his who begins with himself and not with the Creator."

ZUSYA taught:

God said to Abraham: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee." God says to man: "First, get you out of your country, that means the dimness you have inflicted on yourself. Then out of your birthplace, that means out of the dimness your mother has inflicted on you. After that, out of the house of your father, that means out of the dimness your father inflicted on you. Only then will you be able to go to the land that I will show you."

ONCE Zusya traveled cross-country collecting money to ransom prisoners. He came to an inn at a time when the innkeeper was not at home. He went through the rooms, according to custom, and in one saw a large cage with all kinds of birds. And Zusya saw that the caged creatures wanted to fly through the spaces of the world and be free birds again. He burned with pity for them and said to himself: "Here you are, Zusya, walking your feet off to ransom prisoners. But what greater ransoming of prisoners can there be than to free these birds from their prison?" Then he opened the cage, and the birds flew out into freedom.

When the innkeeper returned and saw the empty cage, he was very angry, and asked the people in the house who had done this to him. They answered, "A man is loitering about here, and he looks like a fool. No one but he can have done this thing." The innkeeper shouted at Zusya: "You fool! How could you

have the impudence to rob me of my birds and make worthless the good money I paid for them?" Zusya replied: "You have often read and repeated these words in the psalms: 'His tender mercies are over all His works.' " Then the innkeeper beat him until his hand grew tired and finally threw him out of the house. And Zusya went his way serenely.

ZUSYA was once a guest in the house of the rabbi of Neskhizh. Shortly after midnight, the host heard sounds coming from his guest's room, so he went to the door and listened. Zusya was running back and forth in the room, saying, "Lord of the world, I love you! But what is there for me to do? I can't do anything." And then he started running back and forth again, repeating the same thing, until suddenly he bethought himself and cried, "Why, I know how to whistle, so I shall whistle something for you." He began to whistle, and, listening, the rabbi of Neskhizh shook with fear.

ONCE Zusya prayed to God: "Lord, I love you so much, but I do not fear you enough! Lord, let me stand in awe of you like your angels, who are penetrated by your awe-inspiring name." And God heard his prayer, and his name penetrated the hidden heart of Zusya as it does those of the angels. But Zusya crawled under the bed like a little dog, and animal fear shook him until he howled: "Lord, let me love you like Zusya again!" And God heard him this time also.

HEAVEN once revealed to Rabbi Zusya that he was to go to a village not far from Hanipol and guide a tax collector on the true way. He went there immediately and found the man selling vodka to the peasants. He tried to make him stop and say a prayer, but the collector became more and more impatient. When Rabbi Zusya continued to exhort him in spite of his rejection and even laid an urgent hand on his arm, he took hold of the intruder, shoved him out into the court, and shut the door on him. It was very cold, and the rabbi shivered all over. Then he caught sight of an old wagon wheel lying on the ground and put it against his body. And instantly it became a wheel of the Chariot of Heaven and gave out warmth. That was how the tax collector found him. When he saw the blissful smile on Rabbi Zusya's lips, he experienced the truth about life in one small second, and already, with faltering feet and amazement at himself, he stood on the true way.

BEFORE his death, Zusya said, "In the coming world, they will not ask me, 'Why were you not Moses?' They will ask me, 'Why were you not Zusya?' "

ON Zusya's tombstone are the words: "One who served God with love, who rejoiced in suffering, who wrested many from their sins."

(From TALES OF THE HASIDIM, The Early Masters, by Martin Buber. Published by permission of Shocken Books.)

BOOK REVIEW

Anatomy Of An Illness, by Norman Cousins *(Bantam Books).* This best-seller by the man who founded *The Saturday Review* recounts the way he made a physical comeback from a malady that threatened to paralyze him. Virtually given up by his doctors, Cousins decided to try laughter. He installed himself in a hotel room and dosed himself with Groucho Marx and *Candid Camera.* Remarkably, he was able to recover. He wrote up his story for a medical journal. It received such enthusiastic response he expanded it into this book.

Cousins does not contend that humor is the cure-all for all diseases. But he has received the corroboration of many physicians who agree that morale is a factor in healing and that morale can be abetted by laughter. Cousins gives some looksees into the lives of two of his friends, Pablo Casals and Dr Albert Schweitzer, who attributed their longevity to their habit of incorporating "a light touch" into their lives. Cousins is well now—and lecturing at the School of Medicine in the University of California at Los Angeles.

This reviewer, a former neighbor of Cousins, wrote and asked him if there is any link between his discovery and faith healing. Cousins replied:

"With respect to faith healing: the latest findings in medical science support the view that the brain is not just the seat of consciousness but a gland, possibly the most prolific gland in the human body. Estimates on the number of secretions produced by the brain run up to 2,000. Not all these secretions are locked into the automatic nervous system. An impressive number, no one knows exactly how many of them, can be activated by attitudes. It is reasonable to believe, therefore, that what we think produces physiological change. Members of the clergy who enjoy the confidence of patients and who can get them to have confidence in their own healing systems can play a major part in therapy."

The late Roland Gammon wrote a shelf of books about interfaith goals. In **Nirvana Now** *(World Authors, $14.95)* we get a potpourri of descriptions of efforts to cement the bond among peoples. A sprightly stylist, Gammon tells us that "Ethics is everybody's business" (title of a chapter), that prayer can be a big help in achieving stability, that many a millionaire has used his resources to strengthen interreligious amity. The book is worth buying if only for the profiles of a legion of exuberant individuals (including Kathryn G. Brown of Fellowship in Prayer) who have worked to make this world a more spiritual place to live in.

Norman Vincent Peale means zeal. The unabated enthusiasm of this powerful preacher is amply disclosed in **The Positive Power of Jesus Christ, Life-Changing Adventures in Faith** *(Guideposts, Carmel, N.Y.).*

—S.M.S.

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In response to requests from both longtime readers and new subscribers, we are pleased to make available for single purchase recent issues of Fellowship in Prayer:

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The Second Glazing

by ESTHER TRAVER

I have known
and seen some birds
birds awake
and birds asleep.
I have known
and seen some people
people awake and some asleep.
There was a bird,
a sleeping crane
asleep when
a season changed,
wings folded, then—
it fell to earth
and escaped
the shoreline
of its dreams.

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MEDITATION

MASTER K'UNG said, There are three sorts of friends that are profitable, and three sorts that are harmful. Friendship with the upright, the true-to-death, and with those who have heard much is profitable. Friendship with the obsequious, friendship with those who are good at accommodating their principles, friendship with those who are clever at talk is harmful.

Master K'ung said, There are three sorts of pleasure that are profitable, and three sorts of pleasure that are harmful. The pleasure got from the due ordering of ritual and music, the pleasure got from discussing the good points in the conduct of others, the pleasure of having many wise friends is profitable. But pleasure got from profligate enjoyments, pleasure got from idle gadding about, pleasure got from comfort and ease is harmful.

Master K'ung said, There are three mistakes that are liable to be made when waiting upon a gentleman. To speak before being called upon to do so; this is called forwardness. Not to speak when called upon to do so; this is called secretiveness. To speak without first noting the expression of his face; this is called blindness.

Master K'ung said, There are three things against which a gentleman is on his guard. In his youth, before his blood and vital humors have settled down, he is on his guard against lust. Having reached his prime, when the blood and vital humors have finally hardened, he is on his guard against strife. Having reached old age, when the blood and vital humors are already decaying, he is on his guard against avarice.

Master K'ung said, There are three things that a gentleman fears: he fears the will of Heaven, he fears great men, he fears the words of the Divine Sages.

—CONFUCIUS: The Analects *(translated by Arthur Waley)*

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Window Scene

A potted spider
plant dangles by
a sunny pane.
At roots' end, she
brandishes blades with loud
stripes and sprouts long
tender shoots to
hang her babies.

—SCOTT NORTON

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